

The Conning Tower

Washington, August 2.

The Slacker's National Anthem

Oh, I'll say I can't see by the dawn's early light,
And though loudly you hail, I can not hear you calling.
Booze, Broadway, and cigars make me unfit to fight;
Both my ankles are weak and my arches are falling.
Let the red rockets glare, and the bombs burst in air;
I never shall see them, for I won't be there.
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph I'll wave,
When the other poor dubs are asleep in the grave.

FLACCUS
ROCKAWAY PARK.

To which might be added:

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
A large percentage shook with fright
And uttered an exemption prayer.

One's reverence for the star studded standard is put to the test not infrequently. Once, for violating a traffic ordinance, I had to appear in Jefferson Market Court. As I was leaving the courtroom, I started, about three inches from the door, to put on my hat. "Take off your hat!" commanded a large attendant. "Ain't you got any respect for the gov'munt o' the U-nited States?" I told him, though he seemed uninterested, that I had. But Tuesday afternoon, while Senator Lodge was speaking, I saw a Senator—I forget which one—take out a penknife and go through all the realistic details of manuring. Democracy is one thing, but one's patriotism develops a large sized fissure under strains like that.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By Washingtonian heat oppressed?
As last night's horror I recall,
I'd say they do not sleep at all.

"The American people can do anything they want," said Senator Chamberlain. "Do you believe that?" I asked Tad. "I should say not," replied the gifted artist. "If that was so, I'd be out in Great Neck right now." "Still," I said, "two of the American people might go out to the ball game." And—which increased the attendance considerably—they did.

If there is unharmony in the government, it is contagious. "Does this car go to the ball park?" I asked the motorman. "No," he said. "Does this car go to the ball park?" I asked the conductor. "Yes," he said. And it did.

What the President has for breakfast I have not yet been able to ascertain. But Gen. Goethals, who is still here, orders rice and milk for luncheon.

Another difference between the slacker and the hero is that one waves the flag and the other waives exemption.

Washington's bicycle policemen are not without imagination. Their speedometers are arranged for a maximum speed of 35 miles an hour.

Mr. Brisbane's Washington Times has the frankness to put the weather story out on the front page, and concedes that Washington is a warm place these days. But Mr. McLean's Washington Post runs the weather story on page 9, with the well-it-was-hot-everywhere headline "ALL NATION SWELTERS."

FROM A WAITER

Life, it is true, is full of waits,
For things we most desire.
I've waited at the ticket gates.
It has not roused my ire.

I've waited for the 5:15
An hour, and maybe more;
I've waited for my lovely queen.
It has not made me sore.

I've waited for my burst of verse
To bloom forth from The Tower.
I do not rave around or curse
If the Boss picks not my flower.

But the wait that makes me old and gray,
The wait that makes me storm,
Is waiting, in the U. S. A.,
To get my uniform.

GEO.

In the excitement of Wednesday's exclusive interview with Mr. Hurley, this Turret of Torridity got his name wrong. It is not Edwin F., but Edward N. Hurley.

An unusual example of theatrical candor is the advertisement of Louise Wolf, who asserts that she is an "Exceptionable prima donna."

The Universality of Cyril

[From the London Observer]

What is the commonest error in grammar to-day? I should say it was the improper use of the word "whom" for "who" in cases where it is separated from the verb. One of the books of the moment speaks of "his son, whom he had the bad taste to say resembled all other babies"; and hardly a day passes without some newspaper falling into the same trap.

From the Washington Post's weather story: "Fortunately for Washington, the humidity (the amount of moisture in the air) was low."

To-day, though, is pretty warm (hellish).

F. P. A.

The Tribune's Fresh Air Fund

What about Rose? While Mary was fairly frying on a curb on Avenue A and fretting under the strain, what about Rose? Where was she, and was she happy? She wrote a letter to her mother and father on Wednesday to tell them what the fates were throwing in her lap. It ran like this:

"Tribune Fresh Air Elm Cottage, Fairfield, Conn.

"Dear Mother & Father

"This is the loveliest place and we all like it. There is a bathing beach here and our teacher has bathing suits for us. In Rainy Day we have an attic and a lot of toys up there. I saw a Robin Redbreast to-day. There are a lot of farms out here and we had a lovely ride in the cars. We go to bed at 8 o'clock and get up whenever the teacher calls. The air is lovely up here. Irene sleeps with me and Anna sleeps next to me in a lovely big room with the other children.

"I am well and all of us.

"From your loving Daughter

"ROSE."

A happy little letter! It was written on a small sheet of note paper with a charming picture at the top of the first page—a picture of a lad and a lass sitting under a spreading tree by the side of a country lane, writing a letter. One to "Dear Father and Mother," the other to "Dear Mother and Father," the picture and the letter all in the same ink.

Letter to Brother, Too

The next was to her brother:

"Dear Andrew:

"I am very sorry that you could not go. It is very fine and I have a window near my bed, and it is lovely out here. I will send postcard. Tell grandma that her no eggs is all right.

"Your sister, ROSE."

Then the picture was to go to grandmother:

"Dear Gram:

"We don't sell eggs here but it is very nice here. We see cows and we saw the loveliest gardens out here. There is a bathing beach.

"Two weeks will soon be over.

"Then, saved to the very last, came a touch—just a touch—of business for father:

"Dear Father, please give the other letter to Ruth and please send me stamps as I need them. We have apple trees in the field and the apples are green.

"I am very well. ROSE."

What about Rose? On the hottest day in sixteen years she writes "I am very well," and "This is the loveliest place," and "The air is lovely up here," and "The picture was to go to grandmother."

Poor Little Mary's View

But suppose Mary wrote Rose a letter from her curb in Avenue A. Let her paraphrase the first letter from her own point of view. It would have to be something like this:

"Dear Rose: This is the awfulest place. How I hate it! I never went bathing on a beach, but when the street cleaners wash the street with a hose I run with my bare feet in the water. I never seen a Robin Redbreast what is it like. I never seen a farm. Last night it was so hot I didn't go to bed. I was sitting on the curb and I couldn't walk around all night. The air down here is like it comes out of the door. Annie and Sadie and Josie sleep with me in the bed and there isn't a window near it either. Your loving friend,

"MARY."

Poor Little Mary! Who wants to buy a Bagdad carpet for her and transfer her to Fresh Air Fairland? All it would cost for her alone is \$6, but there is Andrew, too. He also needs a magic carpet—\$8. And, oh, there are a multitude of Marys and Andrews sitting on the curb, waiting and watching for the carpet to set in front of them and take them aboard. Will you pay their fare into the treasury of The Tribune Fresh Air Fund?

Previously acknowledged: \$28,126.55

Mrs. William Douglas Stinson 100.00

Miss C. K. Lee 25.00

Miss F. Robinson 25.00

C. W. Niles 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00

Miss M. E. A. W. K. and A. C. 25.00

Miss A. B. R. 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00

Miss J. J. Jones 25.00



This baby apparently was as cool as a cucumber as he played on the beach after a dip in the ocean. Thousands of men, women and children were splashing in the city as this little fellow on the sands by the sea refused to be troubled by the rays of the sun.

German Press in U. S. Breeds Trouble with Disloyal Articles

Feature Reports From Berlin and Suppress or Deny London and Paris News, Declares Loyal American of German Birth

The longer the war continues the holder becomes the German-language press in this country. These disloyal breeders of dissension are not content to publish near-treasonous editorials and to manipulate their news columns in the interest of Schrecklichkeit in laying stress, in their headlines, on anything favorable to the Kaiser and unfavorable to the Allies, by printing first and more prominently the reports from Berlin and Vienna, by often suppressing the London and Paris news or by branding it as falsehood, they take the offensive against the vernacular press.

"The newspapers published in Germany," says the "New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung," "are accused of treason when they print the truth. When the English-language papers are late with news they call it 'special cable.'"

As a matter of fact, not one of the hundreds of German-language papers in this country received one line of special cable news from Europe since many months. Some of them are subscribers to the news of The Associated Press, the United Press, Hearst's International News Service, and perhaps other news agencies. Even these relatively few German publications don't get any cable news in advance of the vernacular press. Most of the German-language papers have no news service at all; they translate the news of the local English papers and print clippings from other papers published in Germany.

Nevertheless, the German-language press publishes exclusive news about the events in the European theatres of war. For instance, the "New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung" (evening edition) of the "New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung" had a "beat" when they informed their readers that the greater part of the English battle fleet was destroyed by German Zepplins near Hull, destroyed by a "beat" but was not true; it was a real news, but made out of whole cloth. Alluding to the phrase "special cable," a German-language newspaper in New York that is not a pro-Kaiser sheet ("Volkszeitung") ridiculed such manufactured "news" as "Special Ficten Depeschen" ("special fake telegrams"); the German phrase "suck out of the paw" means to lie.

But the "Waechter und Anzeiger" of Cleveland, the "courage" to contend that the "German-American press, in spite of all the attacks and persecutions to which it has been subjected since three years by the projected since has increased its influence because it has striven, from the beginning, to tell the truth and to energetically oppose the London lie manufacturers."

The last contention is thus illuminated by the "Illinois Staats-Zeitung" of Chicago:

"The German government, we venture to say, published the truth about their armies' reverses, as well as their victories, and the people were thus in the possession of the facts."

To be perfectly frank, the paper should have added "German government," which, besides, has not yet given out the news that the Kaiser's armies were driven back from the Marne to the So me nearly three years ago.

How impartially the news is treated by the German-language press may be seen from an editorial in the "Illinois Staats-Zeitung" that says that reports from Washington "confirm the opinion of all these papers and people who from the first moment have warned against entertaining too sanguine hopes that our mere opportunist intervention with the resources of the United States would decide the war against Germany."

"In the first place, officers of our General Staff who accompanied General Pershing to France report that the German line on the Western front is broken through by the Allies. They do not indicate how many men, in their opinion, would be required to accomplish this. But it is clear that only America can and intends to furnish the enormous number of soldiers required." To destroy the effect of the last sentence and to fortify its readers in the conviction that the war is practically decided in favor of the Central Powers, the article continues:

"At the same time a statement from a semi-official source at Washington, which has been published, declares that we shall not be able to send more than 100,000 men before New Year's, and certainly not more than 600,000 before October, 1918."

That these will not suffice to accomplish our aims is apparent to every-

state and city advertisements in German publications of greater New York was exposed by The Tribune a few weeks ago, the "New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung" printed in English last week, as paid advertisement, one and a half columns of proposed amendments to the state constitution.

This advertisement does not serve any purpose, because only an insignificant minority of the "New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung" readers is able to understand this English advertisement.

While it is true that the "New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung" is at present a Janus paper, publishing one English column every day, it is equally true that Herr Bernhard H. Ridder's "Timely Topics" is only for casual English-speaking readers of the publication. The German Janus face is for the average reader with pro-Kaiser sentiments.

No wonder that already plans are made not only to continue the German propaganda after the restoration of peace, but even to make it more systematic and effective. "The Waechter und Anzeiger" of Cleveland, for instance, published the following:

"At the present time, when we cannot carry on any political propaganda and we would commit treason by doing so, we must aim only at making plans for the future."

Under such conditions the American people may expect "something," especially in case the Kaiser and Junkerdom should not be overthrown, and the system of peacefully penetrating foreign countries by an unscrupulous and subsidized propaganda should be reorganized.

Many Ways to Can Peppers, Says Food Garden Commission

Should Be Sealed in Jars and Left in Cool Places

There are many ways for canning peppers, says the National Emergency Food Garden Commission. Wash red peppers and allow off stem, remove seeds and cut crosswise into rings with scissors. Drop slices into boiling water for two minutes and then let stand in very cold water for ten minutes. Drain, pack into jars and fill to overflowing with a boiling syrup of two cups sugar and a quart of vinegar. Seal jars at once and invert to cool.

Place sweet green peppers over until the skin blisters, peel and pack into hot jars. Add boiling water to fill jars, with a level teaspoonful of salt to the quart, adjust and partially tighten tops and sterilize in boiling water for an hour and a half. Remove jars, tighten tops and invert to cool in place free from drafts.

The Spanish pimientos should be prepared as above and packed in jars without the addition of any water. Sterilize for thirty minutes and seal jars immediately. This process brings out a thick liquor which covers the peppers in the jars and renders the addition of water unnecessary.

In drying, peppers may be split down the side, the seeds removed and the fruit dried at once, or the peppers may be placed in the oven till the skin blisters, then peeled and treated as above.

If desired, dry peppers whole by stringing on stout thread, or the whole plant may be hung up to dry. The small sweet red peppers may be spread in the layers and dried in the open air. Do not use too great heat in any case.

Society

Engagement of Miss Margaret Appleton Means to Charles T. Payne Announced

Mr. and Mrs. David MacGregor Means, of 6 East Fifty-eighth Street and Middlebury, Vt., announced yesterday the engagement of their daughter, Miss Margaret Appleton Means, to Charles Thomas Payne, of New York and Litchfield. Mr. Payne is a son of the late General Eugene B. Payne and is a Yale graduate. He is a member of the law firm of Winthrop & Stimson. The wedding will take place on September 8 at Stonecrop Lodge, the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Means at Middlebury.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hazelton Terhune, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Terhune, of 280 Summit Avenue, Hackensack, N. J., to Charles P. Eddy, of Ridgewood, N. J. Mr. Eddy is a graduate of Princeton, class '12. He is a son of Charles H. Eddy.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Allen, of 27 Washington Square North, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Margaret Allen, to Robert Livingston Ireland, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ireland, of Cleveland. Mr. Ireland is with the Flying Corps detachment of the United States Naval Reserve at Huntington.

The engagement is announced of Miss Aline Chester White, of 344 West Seventy-second Street, to William G. Irvine, of Irving, N. Y. Mr. Irvine is the son of the late B. Ogden White, who was a former vice-president of the New York Stock Exchange and for thirteen years its secretary. Mr. Irvine is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Irvine, of Brooklyn. He is a member of Troop C, 1st Cavalry, New York. No date has been set for the wedding.

Mrs. James W. Gerard has left the Ritz-Carlton for Hamilton, Mont., where she will be the guest of her mother, Mrs. Marcus Daly. Mr. Gerard will join her in about a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Casimir de Rham Moore have left Islip, Long Island, for the White Mountains, where they will remain until September.

Mrs. Prescott Slade has joined her parents, General and Mrs. Francis Roe, in the Adirondacks.

Maury H. P. Paul has gone to Bar Harbor, where he will spend the greater part of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Stanton Blake are guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Baty Blake at Jared's, Lenox.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Baldwin have gone to Lake Mohonk from Lenox.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Dickey, who are now at Northeast Harbor, Me., will go to Hunt's Point, N. Y., early next month for the autumn.

Mr. Auguste A. La Montagne, of New York, is at the Curtis Hotel, Lenox, for the remainder of the summer.

President Feng in Peking

Peking, Aug. 2.—Feng Kuo-chang, President of China, has arrived here.

Village of Ovid Rallies to the War Under Chautauqua Orators' Spell

[Special Correspondence of The Tribune]
Ovid, N. Y., Aug. 1.—The organizers of national sentiment have got hold of a powerful instrument. The population of Ovid Village, normally 600, has been augmented this week to 1,200 by the rallying power of the big Chautauqua modern.

Modern cities have their forums, theatres, mass meetings, clubs and social centers, but with all their civic activities they have nothing so completely unifying as is the Chautauqua circuit now grown to enormous proportions in the rural districts. Beneath the Redpath Chautauqua tent Ovid this week has forum, theatre, playground, kindergarten, folk meeting and patriotic rally in one, and the Red Cross and military organizations are glad to be collateral beneficiaries.

Lincoln was a "stump" orator. Emerson elated the popular thirst for oratory. James Redpath sent Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, John B. Gough and even P. T. Barnum to minister to this American need for oratory. The Chautauqua itinerant lyceum is the full flower of that original platform idea.

Any one who expected to find some "ammosin" cuss like Artemus Ward sandwiched in between Swiss bell-ringers and the celebrated "Silly Sisters" in the Chautauqua programmes had not quite caught the idea. The circus animals have been driven to cover in their own tent, cheap vaudeville talent has been relegated to the metropolitan areas, and the office-seeking haranguer has been misled. A very serious and significant matter is the Chautauqua idea of to-day and this "little affair" at Ovid smashes all preconceived notions.

It was not "Billy" Sunday nor Ringling Brothers' Circus, not a hallelujah camp meeting, nor a Presidential candidate that lined up the village streets with automobiles and filled the big tent with afternoon and evening audiences, but the instinct for social contact through the finer emotional appeals of music and oratory as exploited by the Chautauques.

The programme is frankly a war measure. Had England a Chautauqua when the war broke out she could have saved the \$25,000,000 which she paid for concerts, lectures and entertainments in order to awake the "will to war" in the people.

Villager Proves Reluctant

In the village hotel, whose bar had dried up and whose corridor walls were gloomy with pictures of transatlantic liners that are now on the bottom of the sea, I asked a merchant from across the street:

"What do the people around here think of the war?"

"They don't say," he replied with equal caution.

"Are they glad or sad?" I ventured again.

"I don't know very much about it. Ask Freleigh Jones, the druggist."

"Does Jones also know what you think about the war?" I asked admiringly.

"He ain't heard me say very much about the war."

Pressed further, this mysterious villager finally broke through his own reticence and disclosed a perfectly normal opinion derived from the daily papers, and he quoted the latest utterances of Secretary of State Lansing as embodying at once his opinion, his fear and his duty. The rumormongers think no differently than we, but they stand

in need of the prompting stimulus of contact emotions. Down at the crowded tent I found evidence of this. On the way there I solicited an opinion of Mrs. L. Farrell, who keeps the ice cream parlor.

"We would like to have the war over," she said, "but can see no way out without fighting. There is no anti-war talk here."

I gathered this impression from A. Harmon, who farms as well as keeps hotel:

"A number of farmers' sons have gone and labor is scarce, but they all realize that we are in for a fight to a finish."

In S. C. Meddick I struck the community pessimist. I fancy his detachment was uncommon. He said:

"It is a much sadder business than was expected when we were drafted. Perhaps we wouldn't have been so hasty had we been better informed. The people don't need any oratory. Why orate to men who are going to be drafted? The draft'll get them. You may as well get the farmers' sons, because they are the only ones who are physically fit."

In Dr. H. W. O'Brien was discovered the community optimist, and incidentally the man who made the Chautauqua possible in Ovid. He had found a resolute spirit in farmers and villagers alike, not a panicking field and drum enthusiasm, because the community is far removed from these first aids to enthusiasm, but "a good American understanding of the war causes and aims, which is a business as in Ovid in normal Red Cross, Liberty Loan and volunteering activities." Ovid, by the way, furnished the first man drafted at Washington by Secretary Baker, Glenn Martin by name.

The Druggist's Opinion

I waylaid John Clark, a young farmer, and wooed him into conversation. Said John Clark of the Ovid-Seneca Falls state road: "It's a nasty mess, but there can't be peace until we win. I would go if I were younger."

Finally I encountered the veritable Freleigh Jones, druggist. He philosophized a bit, thus:

"The people hereabouts know all about the war. But it is too pretty safe. It is one thing to know what we are up against, but it is another thing to realize it keenly. Wait until the American dead begin to be numbered."

A complete cross section of New York City as well as of Ovid. Everything normal in Ovid, and intelligent, but with a slower pulse. Then the crowd emotion found liberation in the big tent. Joe Mellicham's Chautauque was booming with organ tones of patriotism.

"Your country is calling, calling," he was pleading. "It needs you. Had the Germans not been stopped at the Marne, that ruthless militarism would have overthrown your fields and your home. And it is still powerful. It must be crushed. We must send millions of our brave boys over in order to save the world."

The audience sat keenly drinking this in.

"The war cannot be fought until the mothers of America are ready for their boys to go," the orator, moved all the more to tears, wept. The mothers of Ovid, who were there, felt their hearts grip. "Until the mothers are won to the war there is no winning of the war," he said as he recited moving tales of Spartan mothers.

"I was unwilling to have my boy go before. Now I am willing," one of them said, as later he clasped the exhausted orator's hand. And not he alone, but others, among them John Brennan and Jeremiah Smith, who had grown from childhood the unwonted thrill of patriotism.

Raphael Kirchner

Dies After Operation

Austrian Artist Survives Only Few Hours in Hospital

Raphael Kirchner, an Austrian painter, best known for his portrayal of a type which has come to be known as "The Kirchner Girl," died yesterday at the French Hospital, a few hours after he had undergone an operation for appendicitis.

During the two years he had been in this country Mr. Kirchner had become well known for his many covers, panels and portraits. His largest work in the United States is "The Seven Deadly Sins," which adorns the lobby of the Century Theatre.

He was at work on a portrait of Mrs. Charles Billings when he was stricken on Wednesday afternoon. His wife was with him when he died. They had no children.

Japanese Offers \$1,000 for Return of Stolen Heirlooms

Summit, N. J., Aug. 2.—S. Teshima, a Japanese importer of Madras goods, has